

Shorty Can Be Hero in Movies and on Stage

Walthall in 'Birth of Nation' Definitively Disperses Dread of Actor Folk.

FAME CROWNS HIS EFFORTS

First Dug Ditch as Italian Laborer—Climaxed Work as "Little Colonel"



HENRY B. WALTHALL

JEAN ELIOT TELLS NEWS OF CAPITAL

Items of Interest and Importance of Past, Present, and Future.

Some fifty thousand Washingtonians have been added to the most people who have investigated the matter and are willing to state that a man short in stature can so visualize their idea of a hero that they lose all sense of height values except as they relate to the artistry of perfect performance.

The eternal question of the theater whether a short man can be a hero—a question that has kept some wonderful actors and still more wonderful singers off the stage in times past—has been definitely settled by Henry B. Walthall—the young man who has been agreed to play the part of the hero among all the actors in motion pictures, long before Walthall became famous as the "little colonel" of "The Birth of the Nation."

For more than five years it has been difficult for even the most blasé critic of the drama—and this includes dramatics with the most highbrow tendencies—to discuss the work of Henry Walthall in motion picture productions soberly.

A young man, a student and a consummate artist, they all considered him far beyond the average of motion picture stars, and critics feared they would be accused of extravagance in placing on paper their estimates of this young man's work.

In Boston, in New York, in newspapers and magazines devoted to discussion of the dramatic from purely literary or artistic viewpoints, Walthall's work has always been given the most careful consideration and the highest praise.

Climax of Fame.

It is through "The Birth of the Nation" that Walthall's work has become known to those theatergoers who are not familiar with other motion pictures. He has made the most decided impression on them and many inquiries are received at the theater and by the dramatic editor of The Times as to just who he is.

Walthall is an actor with a considerable stage experience behind him. While he has never lived in Washington, many intimate friends here, including United States Senator Walthall of Mississippi, will remember him as a very small boy visiting his uncle, a friend of the late Henry B. Walthall, at his home during the latter's last term of office.

The actor branch of the Walthall family lived in Birmingham, Ala., where Henry B. was born. He was graduated from the high schools of his city and was completing a college course when war with Spain was declared. He immediately entered the volunteers and served throughout the war, although he did not get nearer to the front than Tampa, Fla.

Walthall always had been interested in the stage and in the drama as an art. He had taken part in amateur theatricals at college and decided to go on the stage after the war.

He went to New York from the place of his discharge and began at once to work as an extra man with a stock company. The fact that he was a real artist was soon discovered by his director, but his small stature was against his being selected for very important parts.

As a juvenile and especially in the parts of very young men, Walthall made a reputation among theatrical folk that led to his being chosen for important parts in important productions.

Aided by Henry Miller.

Henry Miller is credited with giving Walthall his best chance on the stage, and it was while supporting Miller in "The Great Divide" that Walthall's attention was turned to motion pictures.

He was in New York at the time, and was persuaded by a friend who was then playing in motion pictures to go to the big picture studio and watch a rehearsal.

David W. Griffith saw the quiet, reserved young man waiting in the picture studio with much more interest than was usual in visitors, and asking questions about the methods adopted that showed his interest.

Griffith and Walthall discussed the drama and the place of the actor in it. The discussion became so interesting to both men that Griffith finally persuaded Walthall to try the picture studio as an experiment to convince him what could be done. The men recognized in each other the big vision of the artist and the big vision of the actor, which were both so deeply interested.

Walthall's first appearance in motion pictures was in "The Birth of the Nation" as a laborer. In those days it was not easy to get people to agree to let motion picture actors utilize their swiftness or workaholic for picture plays as it is now.

Griffith wanted to produce this picture with an actor who was doing out of the picture. He made an agreement with a contractor who had undertaken to dig a trench for the picture, that if he would permit the photographer to use it for a film play, the contractor agreed and Walthall was put to work on the picture.

The scene was to be a short one, but Griffith kept him at it. When his back ached and his legs were aching, Walthall asked Griffith if he hadn't almost enough film.

Had to Make Good.

"I got all the film I wanted an hour ago," the director replied, "but I promised the contractor that you'd dig about a yard more of trench for him than you've done, so please hurry up and finish it."

The Italian laborer flashed on the screen was the best piece of dramatic work that had been done up to that time either by Griffith or by Walthall. The artistry of the actor came out on the screen as it had not been able to show on the stage. It convinced Walthall and Griffith that each had found something real.

Since then Walthall has been continuously in motion pictures. He has played opposite Dorothy Bernard, Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner, and went with Griffith to the Reliance Company, where he and Griffith produced what they both longed to do—a series of plays based on Poe's poems.

When the cast for "The Birth of a Nation" was made up nobody but Walthall was considered for the part of Col. Ben Cameron. In that part he has accomplished more for the acting art in motion pictures than anyone has ever done.

The triumph of the great spectacle considered a joint victory for Griffith and Walthall, and with dramatic critics and students of the drama his work in this one part will give him a permanent place in the hall of fame of the American drama.

where she numbers Francis Williams, Caroline O'Brien-Jones, and Madeline Slater among her tent mates.

It was by way of being an inspiration to have the invitations for the marriage reception of May Power and Lieut. "Bill" Lighter read "from 4 to 6 o'clock;" for by that simple expedient the crowd which is the bane of an apartment wedding was avoided. The Powers, moreover, have an apartment with large sunny rooms which open up attractively, and on the day of the ceremony it was sweet with blossoms.

The drawing rooms had a proper canopy, and all the palms and floral arrangements which go to make a wedding complete; but the dining room had an original touch in the graceful baskets of Mrs. Ward roses and lavender "lay-lucks," which formed a frieze about the plate rail. And the palms and branches ferns marched half way down the long apartment house hall to meet and welcome the guests.

Marooned in England

Visited By Her Son.

Mrs. Appoline Alexander Blair, who has been at her English home since before the war broke out, is rejoicing in a visit from her son, Percy Blair, who has been driving an ambulance at the French front. He is now on a month's leave.

Mrs. Blair writes that Elmhurst, her place at Canterbury, is lovely in its spring costume—but beware the English climate which she declares is mostly woe.

It's cold and raw and damp and heating arrangements as we know them are almost unknown in rural England; but the right little house breeds a sturdy race with whom exercise is a religion and fresh air a mania.

Fair Rookies Visit

Chevy Chase Club.

Many of the fair rookies at the woman's preparedness camp spend their spare time at the Chevy Chase Club. It is tantalizingly near to the camp, and all this week the open tennis tournament has been an added attraction.

Every day between 5 and 6 o'clock groups of girls are to be seen roaming about the clubhouse grounds in their khaki uniforms, followed by a throng of admirers, all asking a thousand questions about camp life.

Taking advantage of open week at the club, ever so many of the members have been giving bridge, luncheon, and tea parties. The lawn is literally covered with tables surrounded by groups of gayly dressed women, playing cards—and smoking, if you please. Mrs. Joe Leiter has had several tea parties on the portico, also Louise Hill, little Miss Bartlett, from the navy yard; Mrs. Clark Waggaman, Mrs. George Minnigrode, usually with Karl Minnigrode's wife, formerly Mary Montague; Alice Shepard, Mrs. B. H. Warner, Jr., and Mrs. Walter Dunlop, with her cunning little daughter. Some of the others having tea one day were Mrs. James A. Woodruff, Mrs. Bobby Patterson, Pocahontas Butler, Dean Caldwell, Mrs. Arthur Forsaker, Mrs. Ryan Devereux, Margaret Devereux, Ballard Moore, Fred Chapin, Dorothy Debie, Louise Bayne, Frank Smoot, Mrs. John Edwards, Mrs. Gordon Jones, and Nancy. Mrs. Hughes Oliphant—poor dear me! I must get my letter in the mail. With much love, yours fondly, JEAN ELIOT.

Colonial Dames Council

Concludes Sessions

The National Council, Colonial Dames of America, yesterday concluded its annual session with the election of officers.

Those elected were: President, Mrs. Joseph Rucker Lamar, of Georgia, widow of the late associate justice of the United States Supreme Court; vice presidents Mrs. Nathaniel T. Bacon, Rhode Island; Mrs. A. L. Sloss, Maryland; Mrs. George W. Brown, New York; Mrs. Charles Miller, Delaware; treasurer, Mrs. Alexander J. Cassin, New York; secretary, Mrs. Franklin B. Dexter, Connecticut; and historian, Miss Cornelia B. Williams, Illinois.

Yesterday afternoon the Colonial Dames were given a reception at the old National Museum by Dr. Charles D. Brown, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Mrs. Walcott, Mrs. Julian James, and Mrs. Rose Governor Hoes received.

Unitarian Club Will

Hear Nihilism

C. B. Lockwood, an Ohio octogenarian, will give "remembrances of a long life" at the open meeting of the Unitarian Club in All Souls Church Wednesday evening. Mr. Lockwood is eighty-seven years old and was an intimate of Emerson, Alcott, and Judge Welborn in the old days. He has been a member of the club, that he will introduce Mr. Lockwood if he is free from official duties that evening.

Purchase of Dog for

Nickel Ruled Solva

LOS ANGELES, May 7.—A Russian wolfhound, valued at \$50, was actually sold for a buffalo nickel, was the decision of Judge Welborn in the case brought for the recovery of the dog by Miss Marjorie D. Cole, daughter of Harry Cole, a broker.

The suit was against Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Smith, who, according to the testimony, went to the Cole home and took a dog away from them after a dispute over other matters had arisen between them and Mrs. Cole, the mother of Marjorie. The court ruled that the must give the dog back or pay \$500.

Griffith Film Boasts

Marvelous Audiences

Within the first year of its existence the Griffith style of theatrical production as expressed in "The Birth of a Nation" played to more people in the producer's native country than any play ever produced in America. It has played during its entire career, with the possible exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The fact that the latter play is fifty years old and still a drawer and explains why it outstrips this newcomer in the field.

Tomorrow afternoon this attraction begins the fourth week of its engagement in this city at the National, and as the last two weeks of the run are now being announced, it will have a record of five weeks to its credit, or sixty-four performances, when the engagement closes May 20.

D. C. Mail Business Grows.

An increase of 22.67 per cent is shown in the report of the post office for the Washington Postoffice for April, made public today. The total receipts for last month were \$18,722.50.

THE MYSTERIES OF MYRA

An Inspiring Novel and Motion Picture Drama
Written by Hereward Carrington. (Copyright, 1915, by Star Company, All Rights Reserved.) Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard.

(Continued from Page Fourteen.)

"Can hardly detect it," he said, finally. "But there is nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong? Why, doctor? . . . you're murdering my child before my eyes!" screamed the anguished mother.

"Be calm, Mrs. Maynard. Your daughter's astral body has left you, and on some strange journey which will mean much to her," he answered steadily.

"What do you mean?"

"I believe that she has sent her soul in search of the persons who are persecuting her. You know that she is the victim of a terrible conspiracy. You have lost her, either deliberately in the same way—perhaps your husband died at her hands."

His voice was resonant with mastery. He fairly thundered at her, as he added:

"Now, you must help me and help Miss Maynard to find out the truth. There has come for us to face the truth with our fear. Be quiet, until we get some sign from her."

Mrs. Maynard looked at him pitifully, for the mother instinct was stronger than logic, more urgent than reason, for the future. There was the professional force in his command, the insistence of the physician, the earnestness, indeed, of a greater emotion than that of a scientist. Her intuition told her that Payson Alden cared more for her daughter than even he would admit. And so she resigned herself to the inevitable with a blind faith in his ability to save the situation. But nature was not to be denied. The evil genius which had kept continually in her mind combined to bring a snapping of the overtaxed nerves.

She faintly, and the physician ran to her side.

He placed her in another chair, and administered first aid, torn between confidence and doubt.

Had he been studying the face of his subject he might have noticed about this time a tremulous quivering of the muscles which indicated that the soul-journey was not all placid!

The Black Order, in which it seemed continued watchfulness, the vigil of its evil genius in session. Obedient to instruction from their ruler, the celebrants were heavily hooded in the black masks which hid their faces. A blind faith in his ability to save the situation. But nature was not to be denied. The evil genius which had kept continually in her mind combined to bring a snapping of the overtaxed nerves.

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The astral form sank to the position of an entity bent knee. The physical look, the pleading arms, the struggle for human existence racked the emotions of Varney; yet, his fear of the great captain of evil within the curtain, the portal, his avowed trust in that promise of future reward kept him to his task.

"Myra, for a thousand thousand of years!" he murmured, as his voice led the chorus of all the rest.

But unknown to any of the others one was fighting them although the brown hands were weaving the same ominous gestures through the air.

The oriental, his erstwhile calm features gnarled in a supreme contortion which echoed the spiritual battle within his soul, was fighting against the terrible momentary diabolical undertow of the thirteen other souls about him.

Within his chamber even the Master, bending now to the right and now left, in time with the rhythm of the celebrants without, was adding the power of his tremendous will to the murderous onslaught.

The Hindoo saw the girl sinking beneath the oppression of the outnumbering evil wills, and was thus, in a maddening maelstrom of devilish tyranny!

It is a flower crushed beneath the feet of a multitude. He thought, as he threw all the power of his trained mind, insured to concentration through years of study in the Far East. A bird among beasts of prey.

But the astral figure was weakening. The little hands now covered the drooping head as though to ward off the blows of the cruel assailants.

"She is lost!" muttered the Hindoo; in despair.

"She is triumphant!" exclaimed Varney, under his breath, as his dark eyes gleamed exultantly.

CHAPTER XVI.

Prayer When Science Fails.

D. ALDEN had returned to the side of the silent body.

Mrs. Maynard, resuscitated, leaned over the white face, stroking the aureate locks tenderly.

"Look, doctor!" she exclaimed, almost in a shriek. "See the cold perspiration on her forehead—it is dripping wet. Oh, doctor, Myra is dying!"

She sank to her knees hopelessly. Mrs. Alden, the prompting, and a thousand years in such a stress, asserted itself. Mrs. Maynard buried her face in her hands, and as her lips moved in barely audible prayer.

"What can I do?" and Alden's lips trembled, for he too had lost faith in his ability to bring back the wandering spirit.

Suddenly he looked about him in nervous frenzy.

Then he took to his knees, and he uttered his entreaties to the powers.

"Amazingly the spell of the devil worshippers the only antidote to that pervasive force: hush, hush, concentration of white magic power must intensify this even the powers of the spirits of evil. Neither of them saw the fluttering of the eyelids, the softening relaxation of the rigid face.

But Myra, as she returned to earth, looked about her with a few figures—entirely, not surprised—though it were the most natural act in the world.

She breathed softly.

"Mother, I've come back."

"Oh, thank God!" and her mother burst into tears. "Oh, my little girl, tell me once that you are safe!"

The girl laughed, weakly it is true, but with the old familiar ring in the silvery voice.

"I'm here, mother—but, oh, it was terribly glad to be in your arms once more."

Alden mopped his forehead; his face broke into a smile, although a few seconds before he had felt as though he could never smile again.

He rose stiffly. He leaned for support against the wall, for he, too, had been fighting the great battle with a more tremendous outpouring of vital force than he had ever realized was his.

"Heaven be praised," he said earnestly. "We thought—you—had—gone!"

The girl lifted her arms. Then she frowned.

"Oh, how they hurt!"

Alden hurried to her desk for some liniment. He rubbed and massaged the muscles with his inimitable skill, and she smiled into her eyes reassuringly.

"They will be all right in a few minutes now. Don't worry about that. The astral came back this way. You use your hands to express your emotions so much that they are more sensitive than any other part of your body. That is because you are a musician as well. Do you feel bad any place else?"

"Here," and Myra placed a hand over her heart a bit weakly. "I feel as though something had been tugging, tugging, up to the breaking point!"

Alden nodded understandingly.

"What do you remember?"

Myra closed her eyes reverently. She was silent for a minute or two as her mother and Alden bent over her anxiously.

"Can you recall it now?" urged the doctor.

"Nothing except—incense. Oh, such horrible incense! And men—men singing such a queer song they were all in black robes, they waved their hands—and Oh, Parli Hum! What on earth can that be!"

She looked up at him ludicrously.

Alden was puzzled and shook his head.

"It's incense," insisted Mrs. Maynard.

Alden nodded understandingly.

Myra rose weakly from the chair, and then another memory came to her.

"I saw this—"

She gave the first and thumb sign of the devil worshippers. Alden's pleasant face was drawn into a scowl of fury as he realized the significance of this.

He stormed about the laboratory. Myra and even her mother were surprised at the tempest of rage.

"It's that accursed Black Order. I'm going there now myself. I'll put an end to this," he cried, beating one palm with his clenched fist.

"But Dr. Alden, don't you realize your danger?" pleaded Myra impulsively, a new and surprising light in her eyes, which Alden in his wrath did not notice.

"Myra, you must go home with me at once, child," interrupted her mother. Alden hurried to help her with her wraps. As he turned to assist Myra the girl's entreaties convinced him that her interest had deepened. His own hand trembled as he took hers to assure her that he was well able to guard himself.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Maynard. I will be very careful. I know the nature of this menace now far better than you would imagine, indeed, far better than I did twenty-four hours ago. So don't worry. We have had much to fight for now, both you and I, for me to risk everything foolishly!"

The girl dropped her eyes and sighed as he spoke.

A great surge of feeling thrilled Payson Alden, as he realized that Fate seemed to be accomplishing more than he had dared hope. He would have done his best to keep her under control, and as they looked into each other's eyes there was no need for further speech.

Mrs. Maynard realized that, at least, was a practical demonstration of that telepathy whose existence she had previously ridiculed. Maternal prudence prompted her to intercession, and Myra's cloak and threw it about the girl's shoulders.

"Come, as though to waken himself from some unrealistic dream."

"Yes, yes—that's right," he stammered awkwardly. "You must go home with me. Let us get your mind away from these troublesome things until we can have another long talk. I will be able to explain a great many things to you for matters are not as hopeless nor as elusive as they have seemed."

He followed them to the automobile and the lingering touch of the little hand in his own was a fragrant memory which lingered cheerfully through the bitter hours to come.

Once in his study again, his face grew icy in its sternness. He opened a desk drawer, lifted a revolver from it and smiled significantly at its menacing cold.

"Spirits is spirits," he muttered, "but a little lead poisoning is apt to prove very soothing to the most turbulent of them! I try a little bullet, levitation, and I may surprise these assassins!"

He slipped the weapon into his hip pocket and hurried to the telephone.

The central operator seemed unusually dilatory. But at last a welcome voice responded.

"Al, Professor Hajj, I am glad to reach you. Can you hurry up to my residence? I have many important developments to recount."

There was a musical laugh at the other end of the wire as the Hindoo replied eagerly:

"What's all right, Doctor? I know of much, I have feared for the return of the astral. You know, if it were drawn back too quickly it might do physical harm, or have a dangerous physiological effect. Once, when I projected myself—"

But Alden interrupted impatiently.

"Stop, stop, be brief. I am a busy man, and the experiment was successful, after all. I have even convinced her mother of the serious business of the occult. But, now I must see you at once."

"Very well, my good friend. But I am busy with a kind of work—I, a high caste Brahmin, am become a tradesman—a tailor, and for my faithful comrade, Dr. Alden!"

The physician was almost irritable.

"This is too serious for teasing. I must get into the Black Order immediately," he reiterated.

"Exactly," Doctor Alden. And I am now in my humble lodgings, pricking my thumbs and fingers with needles, as I concentrate with all the strength of a yogi, trying to find out the meaning of task of duplicating for you my own."

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costume as a member of that mysterious and malevolent organization. We will enter together as soon as I can complete my task. I will come to you at once."

"Very good. What has happened since you were admitted?" demanded Alden, eager in spite of his desire for vengeance.

"I came no near being an accomplice in an astral murder, that I am afraid. I was a member of the Black Order. I took a hand in the game myself. Hajj! But now I'm going into it with both feet and the rest of my body. Lose no time!"

The principal participant of this grim drama, which escaped a tragic denouement by such a narrow margin, was not to escape a further vivid reminder of it.

When the big car swung up the driveway of the Maynard estate, Myra's mother sighed with relief, encircling the girl's shoulders in an affectionate caress.

"My dear, I am never going to let you go from my sight again. We will never have a repetition of Dr. Alden's dangerous folly."

"Mother, you must not interfere, for I have come to an understanding of the terrible undercurrent in this case. We must not be short-sighted because of our present feelings. The risk of today may save us from terrible years to come."

Mrs. Alden had aged since the arrival in the house of Dr. Alden only a few days, but an eternity in their strain on her emotions. There was a surprising depth in her manner, which disturbed her mother. She looked down at the drawn, tired face of the girl with stirring concern. She realized that overnight her nestling had become a woman.

"Let us talk no more about it, child. But as they mounted the piazza steps to ring the summons for Myra, Myra drew back with a scream of terror.

"What's the matter, Myra?"

"I saw that face with its thumbs pointing up!" cried the girl, covering nervously behind her mother.

Mrs. Maynard regarded Myra with a forced calm, and then drew out her lorgnette. She surveyed the brass head and turned toward Myra—perplexed, dismayed.

"My child, that same old foolish, grinning knocker has been there for years. There is nothing wrong with it."

The girl peered again, and then covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, mother! it is that terrible man whose face has appeared so many times. He made what Dr. Alden calls the sign of the devil worshippers. But now he has gone!"

As she reached the drawing room she sank into a divan, breathing heavily, although the girl tried to compose herself.

"It was blurry—as though it were a red electric light, mother. . . . Oh, mother! it is all soon, or I shall go mad, mad!" she sobbed miserably.

Her mother placed her arm about the trembling shoulders.

"My child, don't fear that perhaps you are already—"

She did not complete the sentence.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

See It Tomorrow at the Leader Theatre, 9th, between E and F—Advt.

Her Status.

He-What's her social status? She (grimly)—standing room only!—Judge.

"TOO BAD—YOU'RE OLD"

With Your Hair You Would Look Ten Years Younger

How often we have heard this expression concerning a prematurely bald young-old man. It is absolutely unnecessary that any man should be subjected to such sympathy from his friends, for there is a preparation on the market which, if used in time will remove all symptoms of falling hair, dandruff, and irritations of the scalp and promote the growth of the hair.

If you have been experimenting with preparations containing cocoanut oil or alkalis (if it foams it contains alkalis) throw them away at once! Go to O'Donnell's Drug Store, 904 F Street, and ask for a 50c bottle of Speiser's Scalp Tonic. Use it according to directions, and in a reasonable time the most satisfactory results will be obtained. Remember, Mr. O'Donnell guarantees this preparation personally—if it fails, ask him for your money.—Advt.

LOCAL DRUGGIST

USES "DRECO" IN HIS OWN HOME

Had Seen So Many Persons Benefitted By the New Remedy, Gives It to His Wife With Splendid Results

"So many people were buying Dreco in our store and telling of the wonderful benefits they were getting from it, that I decided to try it myself," said Mr. G. B. Bury, Jr., the well-known and popular Anacostia druggist. "You know druggists don't give their own families medicine unless they are positive that they are giving it. Of course, I didn't exactly know the form of Dreco, but everyone who would buy a bottle would come back and speak in the highest terms of it, so I decided to try it on it. She can't take anything, for the smallest dose breaks her out all over with a rash in an hour, so there were many times I couldn't let her take it. I want to say that I have never seen anyone improve as she has since taking two bottles. Dreco has cleared up her complexion, cleared up her digestion, cleared up her entire system of constipation. I think Dreco is a wonderful combination of extracts of roots and herbs and we recommend it to all our customers."

Several of our friends in Washington already know of the marvelous restorative, corrective and vitalizing powers of Dreco, the herbal stomach remedy. Many who have believed themselves beyond all help have been restored after all other medicines have failed. Ane's condition was a case of chronic constipation, indigestion, flatulence, dandruff, and irritations of the scalp and promote the growth of the hair.

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Fridays and Saturdays

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